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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK

1918



THE
MISSING HEIRESS.

A MELO-DRAMATIC OPERA.

IN THREE ACTS.

LIBRETTO BY
JOSEPH FLETCHER, ESQ.

Music by Mr. C. Williams,
MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF THE QUEEN'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

Dramatis Personæ.

SIR ARTHUR VIVIAN Mr. S. BRADBURY.
REUBEN VIVIAN, *his supposed son and heir* Mr. J. D. SMITH.
{ MR. SHARP, *a lawyer* Mr. JOSEPH FLETCHER.
PADDY Mr. JOSEPH FLETCHER.
{ SIGNOR HURDI-GURDI, *an itinerant musician*, Mr. JOSEPH FLETCHER.
SHADRACH, *a money-lender and miser* Mr. A. A. RIGBY
REBECCA, *his supposed daughter* Miss MARIE HUGHES.
HARRY MANLEY, *clerk to Shadrach, in love with Rebecca*, Mr. T. OGDEN.
ABIGAIL, *a servant*.

THE MISSING HEIRESS.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.

A meanly-furnished Office in the House of Shadrach.

SHADRACH *discovered counting and gloating over his gold.*

SONG—"Gold."

They call me old Shadrach, the Jew ;
And fur as I walk through the streets,
They say I'm a miser—'tis true ;
For gold, sparkling gold, my heart beats ;
Beats for my treasure alone,
Although I've a wonderful store ;
And it gleams so bright, but I'm not happy quite ;
I'm longing, ay, longing for more.

CHORUS—My idol, my god, my life, my all,
Thee in my arms I enfold ;
Dearer to me than health is wealth ;
Oh how I love thee, my gold.

SHADRACH—I am very poor, very poor. I love thee, mine gold ; I love thee, but still I am very poor ; and mine daughter—but never mind—vell, mine daughter is very extravagant ; actually wants me to have a fire here. Mine Gott, I would be ruined. I am very poor, and really I cannot afford a fire ; and people call me a miser. Vell, vell, it doesn't matter. And they call me an old usurer, and I only charge sixty per cent. Sixty per cent. ! Vy, it is nothing ; it is not enough. I must charge more, or I shall be ruined. Peoples tink I am very rich, but I am very poor, very poor.

(Sings)

Some for their sweethearts may sigh,
 Who vows of constancy swear;
 Think that without them they'd die—
 Women are false as they're fair.
 If you are poor you will find
 Their love for you soon grows cold;
 If a rich lover should come, you'll discover
 They'll cling to the bright sparkling gold.—CHORUS.

If you have gold you have friends;
 See how they joyously greet;
 For past neglect make amends,
 Worshipping, fall at your feet.
 Gold is a wonderful cloak,
 Though the heart be rotten within;
 You'll not be slighted, the sepulchre's whited;
 Sparkling gold covers each sin.—CHORUS.

As he concludes REBECCA enters. SHADRACH makes frantic efforts to hide his gold.

SHADRACH—Mine Gott, how you did frighten me, mine child. I am very poor, very poor (*hurriedly hiding his gold*).

REBECCA—Oh! how very cold it is, father. Must I light a fire (*is about to move towards the door, but is stopped by SHADRACH*).

SHADRACH—Fire, indeed! Vy, you will ruin me. I am very poor. Fire, indeed! Vy, I am sweating. Cold! Vy you must be dreaming. Vy, I am warm. If you are cold, you must go out, and take a very sharp walk. [Exit REBECCA.

SHADRACH—(*Looking at his watch*)—Five minutes past nine by mine watch, and that young scamp has not come yet. I vill be ruined. I pay him ten shillings a week to help to keep my books, and here he is five minutes late. I will take a shilling off his wage.

Enter HARRY MANLEY.

SHADRACH (*solemnly*)—Seven minutes past nine. Vat do you mean, sir, coming late? You are robbing me.

HARRY—(*Flushes indignantly but restrains himself*)—I am very sorry, sir, but I did not think it was so late.

SHADRACH—Sorry, indeed! I vill stop a shilling off your wage. You might as vell put your hands in mine pocket and steal, as rob me by coming late. [Exit SHADRACH.

HARRY—(*Seats himself at a desk and soliloquises*)—How long must I endure this ignominy? How long must I endure the tyranny of such a wretch? Fool! does he think that it is for his paltry pay that I

remain with him? No. I love Rebecca, and in spite of her father will yet win her. Her father! How can such a disgrace to humanity be the father of my angel, Rebecca?

Sings "For thee alone, my love."

For thee alone, my love, I brave
 Thy father's taunts, thy father's jeers;
 For thee, my own, I daily slave,—
 Thy angel-form my spirit cheers;
 And when with care my heart's opprest,
 I gaze upon thy beauteous face,
 And in thy presence I find rest
 And sweet solace.
 For thee alone, my love, for thee alone;
 For thee alone, my love, my own.
 For thee alone, my love, I bear
 The cruel pangs of poverty;
 For thee, my own, my love, I'd dare—
 Ay, death,—if thou would'st smile on me.
 For thee, my own, if thou could'st give
 One word of hope, no more I'd sigh;
 For thee alone, my love, I'd live,
 For thee I'd die.

Enter REBECCA. (Duet simultaneously.)

HARRY—For thee alone, my love, for thee alone;
 For thee alone I love, my own.

REBECCA—But thee alone I love, but thee alone;
 But thee alone I love, my own. *[Exit together.]*

Enter REUBEN (restlessly paces up and down.)

REUBEN—What keeps the old curmudgeon, Shadrach? More money I must have, or else—but I have no doubt Shadrach will part once more on the old security, Sir Arthur's death. I have already had £5,000 on that same security. Security! ha, ha, ha! Methinks the old security is valueless as the Turkish bonds. Hullo! here comes Shadrach.

Enter SHADRACH.

SHADRACH (*sarcastically*)—Vell, mine tear young friend, vat can I do for you?

REUBEN—Cleared out again, old boy. I want some more money.

SHADRACH—Ah! mine Gott! Do you tink I am a bank, mine friend? I am poor, very poor.

REUBEN (*banteringly*)—I want some more money, Shadrach, on the old security. I will be the borrower, and also the surety.

SHADRACH (*deprecatingly*)—You cannot have money, Reuben, on the old security. I might be a sorrower without a good security.

REUBEN (*insinuatingly*)—You shall be repaid when I come into the property.

SHADRACH (*tremblingly*)—For mine thousands, Reuben, mine heart goes flipper-flopperty.

REUBEN—I want just a thousand or two, Shadrach, you old usurer, on the old security.

SHADRACH—If I part with thousand or two I might be a loser by the old security.

REUBEN (*appealingly*)—Let me have a thousand ; any interest I will pay to you.

SHADRACH (*decidedly*)—I won't part with a single penny, and must bid good day to you.

(*Chanting.*)

REUBEN—I say,—

SHADRACH—Good day.

But stay.

Good day.

I'll pay—

Good day.

Nay, nay.

Good day.

[*Exit SHADRACH chanting "good day."*]

REUBEN—Well, that's cool. I am in a tight fix—discarded by Sir Arthur, owing to my extravagance, and refused by Shadrach. Money I must have, but how? That's the question. (*Ponders.*) I have it. I will return to Sir Arthur ; profess to be penitent and reformed ; and perhaps succeed in gaining his good graces again. Now for a little hypocrisy.

Sings "The Hypocritical Hypocrite," with a serio-comic use of the handkerchief.

I have been a wicked scamp ;
I have been a wretched sot ;
Revelled in a sinful swamp,
And all righteousness forgot.
I have revelled in the cup
That inebriates and cheers ;
Now I mean to turn it up :
Please observe my briny tears.

CHORUS.

Please observe my briny tears, do not be too critical ;
See my piquant sorrow, hear each heavy sigh ;
'Tis convenient now and then to be hypocritical ;
And a hypocritical hypocrite am I.

I have been a profligate,
And a worse you never met ;
But my follies now I hate,
And the past would fain forget.
I have been a member warm,
But my soul's oppressed with fears ;
I'm determined to reform :
Please observe my briny tears.—CHORUS.

I have grieved the poor old man ;
I have sinned, alas ! alack !
Foolishly, alas ! I've ran
Headlong in the downward track.
Like the prodigal of old,
I will brave parental sneers ;
I'll display my grief untold,
And my briny, briny tears.—CHORUS and *Exit*.

END OF SCENE FIRST.

SCENE SECOND.

A Room in the Mansion of Sir Arthur Vivian.

REUBEN and his Friends holding high revelry.

DRINKING CHORUS.

We're all jolly boys, we're all jolly boys,
We're all jolly boys, then let us make a noise ;
We're all jolly boys, we're all jolly boys,
We're all jolly boys, hurrah !
Hip, hip, hurr ; hip, hip, hurrah !
We're all jolly boys, we're all jolly boys,
We're all jolly boys, hurrah !

SONG—"Eat, drink, and be merry."

Here to-day and gone to-morrow,
Life's a brief uncertain span ;
Then away with care and sorrow,
We'll be merry while we can.
Let the song and toast go round
As the moments quickly fly ;
Let your voices merrily sound,
For to-morrow we may die.

CHORUS.

Eat, drink, be merry,
As the moments fly ;
Eat, drink, be merry ;
To-morrow we may die.

Ring your voices out in laughter,
 Let your hearts be light as air ;
 Shout, my boys, and shake each rafter,
 Hip, hurrah ! begone, dull care.
 What care we, though sages preach,
 And about the future cry ?
 Grasp the pleasure in your reach,
 For to-morrow you may die.

[We will strive to make life pleasant ;
 Fill, ay, fill up to the brim ;
 There is no time like the present ;
 Hang the future, dark and grim.
 On your feet each jovial wight,
 Comrades, raise your glasses high ;
 We'll be merry all to-night,
 For to-morrow we may die.]

SONG—"Bacchus, God of Wine."

Love-sick youths and love-sick lasses,
 Sing in accents stupid ; (*echo repeat*)
 Cupid, naughty Cupid. (*echo repeat*)
 But, my lads, with brimming glasses,
 As the time in pleasure passes,
 We will sing, gaily sing,
 Till we make the echoes ring ;
 In the praise of Bacchus let our voices all combine ;
 Laughing Bacchus, merry Bacchus ; Bacchus, god of wine.

CHORUS.

Merry Bacchus, laughing Bacchus,
 In thy praises we combine ;
 Merry Bacchus, laughing Bacchus,
 Bacchus, god of wine.

Artists and poetic asses,
 Sing in praise of beauty ; (*echo repeat*)
 Fascinating beauty ; (*echo repeat*)
 But, my lads, with brimming glasses, &c.
 CHORUS—Merry Bacchus, &c.

[Then, my lads, hurrah for Bacchus ;
 Smiling, jolly Bacchus ; (*echo*)
 Merry, laughing Bacchus ; (*echo*)
 And though cares and sorrows rack us,
 We will sing in praise of Bacchus ;
 Fill each glass, let it pass ;
 Who refuses is an ass.
 In the praise of Bacchus let our voices all combine ;
 Merry Bacchus, laughing Bacchus ; Bacchus, god of wine.]

SONG—"Champagne."

Poets sing of love's sweet pleasures ;
I, boys, sing a different theme ;
Dearest of all earthly treasures—
Bright champagne reigns supreme.
As it flows in sparkling bubbles,
We will sing,—begone, dull care ;
And all earthly cares and troubles
Seem but trifles light as air.

CHORUS.

Cham., cham., glorious cham. ; let it flow, boys, ere we go ;
A bumper fill again.
Cham., cham., glorious cham. ; king of wines, boys, how it shines ;
Sparkling bright champagne.

Where's the heart, oppressed and weary ?
Where's the soul bowed down with pain ?
Where's the man whose life is dreary ?
Let him revel in champagne.
Where's the man who fain would banish
Every trace of sorrow's blight ?
Let him drink, and soon 'twill vanish
'Neath the spell of champagne bright.

[Up, my lads, each grasp a bottle ;
Drink with honour—one, two, three ;
As it gurgles down each throttle,
Glorious cham. our toast shall be.
Fill once more a flowing measure ;
Drink, my boys, drink up again ;
This still is our dearest treasure—
Glorious, sparkling, bright champagne.]—CHORUS.

SONG—"Wild Oats must be sown."

Youth will have its fling ;
Wild oats must be sown ;
Youth will brightly sing
In a jovial tone.
Youth will grasp with joy
Pleasures in their reach ;
And with dangers toy,
Though the sages preach.

CHORUS.

Then let us be jolly together,
And sing in a jovial tone ;
We're all jolly birds of a feather,
And wild oats must be sown.

Youth will still be gay
 With a flowing glass ;
 Youth will not say nay
 To a pretty lass.
 Youth can not be sad,
 But must have its fling ;
 And in accents glad
 They will gaily sing.

[Youth, with sparkling wine,
 Sorrow keeps at bay ;
 When the sun doth shine,
 Youth will make its hay.
 Sages prate, forsooth,
 In a most solemn tone ;
 But we're in bright youth—
 Wild oats must be sown.]—CHORUS.

In the midst of it enter SIR ARTHUR. The Guests stare blankly at him. REUBEN (sotto voce)—“The pater, by Jove.” The Guests hurriedly depart, leaving SIR ARTHUR and REUBEN together.

SIR ARTHUR—What is the meaning of this wild orgie, sir ?

REUBEN, *in a drunken manner, and with an assumption of bravado, sings first verse of “Wild oats must be sown.”*

SIR ARTHUR *takes him by the collar and shakes him.*

SIR ARTHUR—Wild oats be sown, eh ? And at whose expense, pray ?

REUBEN (*defiantly*)—At yours, of course, old boy.

SIR ARTHUR *still retains hold of his collar, and shakes him. REUBEN lets fall a memorandum book, which SIR ARTHUR picks up.*

SIR ARTHUR—That's where your funds come from. Borrowed from Shadrach the Jew. £5,000, payable at my death, eh ? I should like to know how the event of my death will affect your interests.

REUBEN (*recklessly*)—Well, old boy, I guess your death will affect me. Why, ain't I the heir ?

SIR ARTHUR—My heir ! ha ! ha ! ha ! Reuben, twenty years ago, you were found on my doorstep in rags. From motives of pity I adopted you, and this is my recompense. Speculating on my death, eh ! Begone from my presence, sir, and never again dare to come near me. Rather than you should finger a penny of my wealth, I would leave it to found an asylum for dogs and cats. Begone, sir.

[*Exit REUBEN crestfallen.*

SIR ARTHUR—Gratitude ! pah ! In this world there is no gratitude. Waiting for my death in order to give full play to his evil propensities ; but, thank God, I discovered the wretch. My heir, forsooth. Never. Perchance my wife and child still live. I will

devote the remainder of my life to the search. Twenty years ago a slanderous tongue separated my wife and me. I madly, jealously, believed the slanderer, and reproached my wife with infidelity. The slanderer confessed to me on her deathbed that my wife was guiltless, and that she had concocted the tale in order to punish me for having married my Rebecca in preference to her. But the confession came too late; the mischief was already done. My wife left me, taking our only child, a daughter, with her, and left not a trace of where she had gone. Too late! Too late! My happiness was wrecked by one evil tongue. A few nights after, a baby-boy (Reuben) was found deserted on my doorstep, and from motives of pity, and, perchance, to fill the void in my heart, I adopted him; and this is how he repays me. Gratitude, forsooth! In this world there is no gratitude.

Sings "Longing in vain."

In my heart is a void,
Which time cannot fill;
All pleasure's alloyed
With sorrows keen thrill.
And naught can efface
This cankering pain;
For one smiling face
I long, ah! in vain.

CHORUS—In vain, in vain,
I long, ah! in vain.

And one angel-form,
And one cheery voice,
Would banish the storm,
And make me rejoice.
And one whisper low;
But, ah! 'tis in vain;
My portion is woe,
My destiny pain.

[I mingle among
(With soul of unrest)
The gay, giddy throng,
And join in each jest.
But, ah! 'tis in vain,
Time ne'er can efface
This sorrow and pain—
I long for one face.]

Enter Mr. SHARP. They greet each other; both sit.

SIR ARTHUR—You received my letter, Sharp?

MR. SHARP—Yes, Sir Arthur, and—

SIR ARTHUR—You have always been under the impression that Reuben was my son and heir.

MR. SHARP—Certainly, Sir Arthur ; I never had any reason to think otherwise.

SIR ARTHUR—Reuben is not my son, but a foundling, whom I adopted. I have a daughter living, for all I know to the contrary. The history is too much for me to repeat, but these papers will give you all particulars. Suffice it to say, that my wife left me under very painful circumstances. The fault was entirely mine. I caused a rumour to be circulated that she had gone to her friends on a visit, and shortly afterwards that she had died ; but I have absolutely no clue to her movements after she left me. She took the precaution to leave no trace behind. Sharp, I leave the task in your hands of finding out what became of her and our daughter. Spare no expense in striving to restore my wife and child to me.

[Exit SHARP left hand and SIR ARTHUR right hand.]

REUBEN is seen in the background listening. As SIR ARTHUR and MR. SHARP go out he comes to the front.

REUBEN—These papers must be mine at any price ; and with them in my possession, and Sir Arthur out of the way, I shall be Sir Reuben Vivian. I will follow Sir Arthur. *[Exit REUBEN right hand.]*

Enter MR. SHARP (left hand).

MR. SHARP—I fear Sir Arthur is in danger while that ungrateful profligate is in the house. I will not leave him alone with such a villain. I feel a presentiment I cannot conquer. I see the graceless wretch even now leaving Sir Arthur's room. I will watch. *[Retires.]*

Enter REUBEN.

REUBEN—I have given Sir Arthur a potion ; he has gone to sleep, never to wake again. As he has long been subject to heart disease there will be no suspicion of foul play. But one obstacle remains in my path, and if I cannot remove it by fair means then I will by foul, for at all hazards I must have those papers ;—but, ha ! here comes Sharp. I will temporise.

REUBEN meets him with outstretched hand, which MR. SHARP declines to take.

REUBEN—Well, Mr. Sharp, you have been to see Sir Arthur ; discussing business matters, I presume.

MR. SHARP—I decline to speak of Sir Arthur's affairs with you, and wish you good evening. *(Makes a movement as if to go, but is detained by REUBEN.)*

REUBEN—Hoity toity ! You are on your high horse, are you ? Well, Mr. Sharp, you will be surprised to hear that I was listening to your very interesting conversation with Sir Arthur, and know all. Do you think I will tamely submit to see an interloper come between me and the inheritance which I have been from infancy led to believe was

nine? Never! Mr. Sharp, I think you are a sensible man. Give me those papers, and aid me to retain my rightful position. Refuse if you dare, and—

DUET—"Honour is a priceless gem."

MR. SHARP—Honour is a priceless gem;
Though a royal diadem
At my feet you laid,
And bade
Me my humble trust betray,
Still my answer would be nay.

REUBEN—Honour's nothing else but trash;
Honour can be bought for cash;
Honour's a disguise.
Be wise,
And your humble trust betray;
You will find, will find it pay.

MR. SHARP—Honour never can be bought,
Though before me you had brought
Countless heaps of gold,
And told
Me my humble trust betray,
Still my answer would be nay.

REUBEN—You will not betray your trust?
I insist; you must, you must.
See this gleaming knife;
Your life
Shall, I swear, the forfeit pay,
If your trust you won't betray.

MR. SHARP—I refuse your offers. Permit me to pass.

REUBEN—Refuse! Then, by gad, you die (*stabs him*).

SHARP *falls heavily*. REUBEN *rushes out*. [*Curtain.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.

THE JEW'S HOUSE.

Enter REUBEN.

REUBEN—Now I have reached the summit of my ambition. Now I am Sir Reuben Vivian. I have reached the goal, 'tis true ; but there is yet one obstacle in my path, and that is Rebecca ; for I have discovered that she is the long-lost heiress, and not the daughter of Shadrach the Jew. She, of course, knows not but what she is really the daughter of Shadrach. She will be proud to wed a full-blown Baronet.

Sings "The Full-blown Baronet."

How pleasant, ah ! how pleasant 'tis to be a Baronet, a
full-blown Baronet,

A noble Baronet,

And mingle daily, mingle with a most exclusive set,

An hob-nob with the *bon ton* of the day.

How pleasant 'tis to sport beside your name the letter B,
the magic letter B,—

Bart.,

And be a member of the British aristocracy,

And pass the time in such a pleasant way.

CHORUS.

How pleasant, ha ! how pleasant 'tis to be

A Baronet, a full-blown Baronet, a noble Bart. ;

And mingle daily, mingle with a most exclusive set,

And honoured as the idol of the day.

How pleasant 'tis to have a magic handle to your name, a
handle to your name,

A handle of great fame ;

And bear a spotless character without a trace of shame :

A nobleman, you know, cannot do wrong.

How pleasant, ah ! how pleasant 'tis to bask in beauty's smiles,
to bask in beauty's smiles,

And witching, witching smiles :

There's absolutely nothing that dull *ennui* beguiles,

Like mingling with the gay and giddy throng.

How pleasant 'tis to watch the pretty darlings how they set,
ay, ably set

A very cunning net,

And strive to catch in Hymen's snares the full-blown Baronet,
The Baronet, the idol of the day.

How pleasant 'tis to watch the full-blown Baronet, so shy,* so
very, very shy;

And how the fair ones sigh

When they see on the Baronet their wiles in vain they try :
The Baronet all comers keeps at bay.

REUBEN—Ay, a full-blown Baronet ; but at what a price ! Two lives ! Bah ! away with such gloomy thoughts. Shadrach has no suspicion that his supposed daughter is the Baron's heiress. But here comes the old usurer himself.

Enter SHADRACH, who makes a bow nearly to the floor.

SHADRACH—Mine dear friend, I am really delighted at your good fortune, and have hastened to congratulate you, and to place myself at your disposal. You know, my dear boy, I was only joking when I refused to give you money ; I was only joking. Oh ! my dear boy, I was just vent away to get the money for you, and ven I come back you was gone ; you was too impatient, I assure you. I actually shed tears, I was so sorry that you vent away without mine money ; but I will be happy to advance you as much as you like, mine friend ; as much as you want : but, mine dear, I am very poor.

REUBEN—Bah ! old man. I do not want your money ; I have plenty, plenty. But I want something more precious than money, and that is your daughter Rebecca.

SHADRACH—Vat, vat, mine very dear boy ? You can have both me and mine daughter ; but, mine boy, I am very poor, and you must not expect a very big dowry.

REUBEN—We will not quarrel about money matters, Shadrach. Go and prepare Rebecca for my visit. I will see her soon.

[Exit SHADRACH bowing.]

REUBEN—His daughter ! ha, ha, ha ! Shadrach little guesses the truth. But I will a-wooing go, and thus remove the only obstacle—Rebecca. Once my wife, I will make it public that she is the missing heiress, and thus become firmly established in my position. She may reject me, 'tis true ; but my wife she must become, by fair means or foul. *[Exit.]*

Enter SHADRACH, rubbing his hands gleefully.

SHADRACH—Now I am the happiest man in England. My daughter Rebecca will get married to Sir Reuben, and will be a real lady ; and he will not expect a dowry, for he knows how very poor I am. My daughter ! ha, ha, ha ! Vy, she is not my daughter at all.

Vy, I do not know whose daughter she is ; but I suppose she is somebody's daughter. How vell I remember when she was brought to my house twenty years ago by her poor mother, who took very ill and died. Her last words were imploring me to take care of her child. Vell, I vas very poor, and it vas very expensive ; but, somehow, she seemed to brighten my hearth, and make me happy, so that I have never regretted it, although she vas very extravagant. But now she vill marry Sir Reuben and be a lady. I vill get all mine money from Sir Reuben, and mine shixty per shent ; ay, shixty per shent.

Enter HARRY MANLEY.

SHADRACH—Vell, Harry, vat is it you vant ?

HARRY—I have dared to aspire to the hand of your daughter, and have come to ask your permission to pay my addresses to her. I love her dearly, and she returns my love.

SHADRACH—Vat ! vat ! You dare to aspire to the hand of Rebecca ? Oh, you must be mad. My daughter love you ! Ha, ha, ha ! Love or no love, my daughter is about to become Lady Vivian.

HARRY—Your daughter will never become Lady Vivian, sir. Rebecca loves me, and, I am sure, will never consent to become Sir Reuben's wife.

SHADRACH—Vat you say ? Out of mine house, sir ; out of mine house. I discharge you. Go away, and never come near my office again. Here is your vages—nine shillings ; that is one shilling short for being three minutes late. (*Offers HARRY the money. He, however, scornfully throws it on the floor.*)

HARRY—Do you think it is for your paltry money that I have so long remained in your employment, and endured your harsh and overbearing treatment ? No, sir ; it was in order to remain near the object of my affections, whom I will yet marry, in spite of you and Sir Reuben Vivian. [*Exit HARRY.*]

SHADRACH—Mine Gott ! There is vat you call cheek. Vants to marry Rebecca. A clerk, with his magnificent salary of ten shillings a week ! It makes me laugh. Really, I must laugh. I must hold mine sides mit laughing. (*Indulges in a long laugh ; then stops suddenly, and rapidly picks up the money which HARRY has cast on the floor.*) I am very poor.

Enter REBECCA.

SHADRACH—Vat do you tink, mine tear, oy ? (*Laughs again.*) Oy, mine clerk, Harry Manley, has actually dared to aspire to your hand. He wants to marry you, and asked for my consent. Vat do you tink I did, oy ? I discharged him on the spot, the young scamp.

REBECCA—Father, I love Harry Manley.

SHADRACH—Vat, vat ? Are you mad, child ? You love Harry Manley. You must have taken leave of your senses. Oy, mine tear,

you will be a lady—Lady Vivian. Sir Reuben will be here soon, and will ask you to become his wife. Love Harry Manley? Bah! But here comes Sir Reuben. I will leave you together. [*Exit SHADRACH.*]

Enter REUBEN.

REUBEN—Well, Rebecca; I suppose your father has told you the purport of my visit. I come to ask you to become Lady Vivian.

REBECCA (*sarcastically*)—Well, really! You do me honour.

Bursts into a merry peal of laughter, and in a serio-comic manner sings "Too late."

I feel very highly honoured, but would beg to state,

Humbly beg to state,

That you have come too late;

And when I think of entering the matrimonial state,

I rather think it will not be with you.

If I was bent on flirting, I might whisper, hope and wait,

Whisper hope and wait;

But subterfuge I hate,

And I must say decidedly, I cannot be your mate;—

Some other lady you will have to wed.

REUBEN— Oh! say not, dearest charmer,

That I have come too late;

My heart for you is yearning,

Though my love is met by hate.

REBECCA—I am very sorry for you; yes, I really am indeed;

My heart for you doth bleed,

It really does indeed.

I hope your heart won't break, and trust you won't go off your feed;

For that would be an awful, awful thing.

It's really very singular, but stern fate hath decreed,

Yes, stern fate hath decreed,—

It really has indeed;

Yes, stern fate hath decreed that you can never lead me to the Altar or put on the ring.

[So, in conclusion, I will hope that you will cease to pine,

That you will cease to pine;

I never can be thine;

And trust your wounded feelings will not make you take to wine,

For that would be a very dreadful thing.

I'm in love, but not with you, and when the stars do shine,

When the stars do shine,

Our loving hearts entwine;

And if you're very good, well, then, perhaps I'll drop a line, and let you

Know when Harry buys the ring.] (*Makes a mock curtsy.*)

REUBEN—That's rather cool. But, by fair means or foul, Rebecca must be mine. [*Exit REUBEN.*]

REBECCA (*laughing*)—The insufferable impudence of the puppy. (*Mimicking*) "I come to ask you to become Lady Vivian." Forsooth! I am really overwhelmed by his condescension. (*Scornfully*) As if the heart can be charmed by a mere title. No, I love Harry Manley, poor though he be, and will wed none other.

HARRY's voice is heard singing the Chorus of "For thee alone, my love."

REBECCA responds—But thee alone, my love.

(*Then both together.*)

HARRY enters by the window, and embraces REBECCA.

HARRY—My darling, I have come to bid you farewell. Your father has discharged me, because I told him of my love for you. I will now go out into the busy world to make a name, but will ere long return, and claim you in spite of your father.

HARRY sings "Wilt thou be true?"

I go, my love, to win a name
Out in the busy throng;
I go, my love, in search of fame,
But will return ere long.
Thy memory fond will spur me on,
And in thy heart anew
Infuse fresh hope, but when I'm gone,
Will thy heart still be true?

CHORUS.

Out in the world I go to win
A name,—and all for you:
But, tell me, darling, when I'm gone,
Will thy heart still be true?

When I am far away from thee,
Oh! will thy heart unseen
Still fondly cherish thoughts of me,
And keep my memory green?
When far away from thee I rove,
Oh! tell me, love, anew,
Wilt thou remember me, my love,
Will thy heart still be true?—CHORUS.

REBECCA sings "I will be true to thee."

Then go, love, go to win a name,
Out in the busy throng;
But can'st thou doubt my love?—for shame;
I could not do thee wrong.
Thy memory still, when thou art gone,
Will in this fond heart be;
Then let my love still spur thee on;
I will be true to thee.

CHORUS.

Then go, love, go, and win a name,
And soon return to me ;
But canst thou doubt my love ?—for shame ;
I will be true to thee.

When thou art gone, far, far away,
When thy dear self's unseen,
Still for thy welfare I will pray
And keep thy memory green.
Though far away from me you rove,
I'll ever constant be ;
I never can forget thee, love ;
I'll still be true to thee.—CHORUS.

REBECCA—I hear a footstep, Harry. 'Tis my father's. Go, and
ay heaven protect you. *[Exit HARRY by the window.]*

Enter SHADRAH, by the door, wringing his hands, singing

“ Oh ! you Foolish Minx.”

Oh ! you very foolish minx,
Vy have you behaved so bad ?
Vy, I ask you ; vy, methinks
You must really be quite mad.
How, oh ! how could you refuse
Such an offer ? 'Twas so good,
I can never you excuse :
Oh ! I wonder how you could.

CHORUS.

Oh ! mine dear, vat have you done ?
Say, mine love, that you vas joke ;
Say that it was only fun,
Or mine poor heart you vill broke.
Say, mine daughter, you vill ved
Poor Sir Reuben Vivian ;
Or mine spirits soon vill fled,
I vill be a dead old man.
Say, oh ! say the word, mine pet,
And your poor old father cheer ;
Vy, he'll be a Baronet !
Only tink of dat, mine dear.—CHORUS.

[You vill be a lady gay,
Yes, a lady of great fame ;
You vill happy be each day,
With a handle to your name.
Do not be so much absurd ;
Do not be so foolish. Oh !
Say, mine daughter, say the word :
To Sir Reuben I vill go.]—CHORUS.

REBECCA *sings* "I may be a Foolish Maid."

I may be a foolish maid,
But I foolish will remain ;
And I really am afraid,
That you plead to me in vain.
So I hope you will excuse
Me for acting rather rude ;
But I really must refuse
Poor Sir Reuben's offer good.

CHORUS.

O dear me, 'twas glorious fun,
And with laughter I will joke ;
I to marry such a one,—
Why, dear dad, you surely joke.

The idea ! Him to wed,
And be Lady Vivian !
I'd as soon be lying dead
As to marry such a man.
I will not for some time yet
Sacrifice myself, I fear ;
And a full-blown Baronet
Has no charms for me, my dear.

[And so, once for all I say,
I will never bear the name
Of a Baronet so gay,
Though he is of mighty fame.
And though I may seem absurd
When I to Sir Reuben go,
Bear from me one single word,
And that word is no ! no ! no !]—CHORUS.

SHADRACH—Oh ! you foolish girl.

[*Exit.*

REBECCA—I am weary, so I will rest for a few hours, and perhaps
may dream of Harry. (*Reclines on couch.*)

Enter REUBEN stealthily by the window. Sings "Silence profound."

Silence profound
Reigns all around ;
No, not a sound ;

"Tis well.

(*Approaches REBECCA*) In balmy sleep,
(*Closer*) In slumber deep,
(*Bends over her*) No, not a peep ;
"Tis well.

What joy to trace
That beauteous face
And charming grace ;
"Tis well.

This beauty rare,
Beyond compare,
My home must share ;
 'Tis well.

By heaven above
I'll kiss my love,
(*Stoops to kiss her*) My precious dove ;
 'Tis well.

Ha ! ha ! she sighs,
And ope's her eyes
In sweet surprise ;
 'Tis well.

REBECCA *jumps to her feet and confronts him.*

REBECCA—What means this outrage, sir ?

REUBEN—It means, my love, that I have sworn, by fair means or foul, you must be mine ; and I have come to bear my pretty bird to the cage which I have prepared for her.

They struggle ; REBECCA strives to scream. REUBEN applies a handkerchief to her face, presumably saturated with chloroform.

REUBEN—Ha, ha ! my love, you struggle in vain.

[*Exit by the window, carrying REBECCA.*]

END OF SCENE FIRST.

SCENE SECOND.

Front Room in Sir Arthur's Mansion.

Enter SIR ARTHUR.

SIR ARTHUR—Gratitude, forsooth ! In this world there is no gratitude. Reuben, whom I have cherished, ay, and loved with a father's love, has attempted to take my life—to poison me, so that he might inherit my estates. Gratitude, forsooth !

Sings "Gratitude is but a name."

Gratitude is but a name ;
Every thought is but for self ;
Every struggle, every aim
Is for place and paltry pelf.
Hearts with love no longer beat,
Gratitude from earth hath flown,
All is hollow, and 'tis meet
We should think of self alone.
Gratitude is but a name ;
Love from human hearts hath flown ;
Every struggle, every aim
Is for self and self alone.

All is hollow, all is base,
 Rotten, rotten to the core ;
 Love itself doth soon efface
 Feelings that the heart once bore.
 You may long a viper nurse,
 Lavish every loving art,
 'Twill at length the venom show,
 Turn and sting you to the heart.

[Gratitude is but a name ;
 Gratitude from earth hath fled ;
 Vanished every trace of shame,
 Deep affections withered, dead.
 I have lavished wealth of love,
 But I bow unto the rod ;
 Self alone the heart doth move,—
 Self's the universal god.]

SIR ARTHUR—I suppose he fancies himself secure in his position. Sir Reuben—ha, ha, ha ! But I will quickly undeceive him. Hallo ! hallo ! a voice. What's that ? (*Begins to look round the room, and at last sees SHARP, lying where he fell when stabbed by REUBEN.*)

SIR ARTHUR—Hallo, Sharp. What is the matter with you ? Has my wine been too strong for you ? or, why—what is this blood ? There must have been foul play here. Sharp, rouse yourself. (*SHARP at length staggers to his feet, assisted by SIR ARTHUR.*) What is the matter, Sharp ? What does this mean ?

SHARP—It means that precious adopted son of yours has attempted to murder me ; but Providence has turned aside the weapon that was meant to pierce my heart.

SIR ARTHUR—Providence indeed watches over us. Reuben also attempted to murder me, by placing poison in my wine. He then threw me down into the well ; but the poison must not have been strong enough, for after a time I became conscious, and managed to climb out of the well. He is now under the impression that I am dead, and that he has removed every obstacle in his path. I suppose he will now take possession. But what would you advise me to do ?

SHARP—Sir Arthur, I would see to what extremes his folly will lead him. Leave him in his fancied security, and we can take measures to render his life unbearable to him. There is a secret entrance to the house, and secret passages leading to every room, of which he knows not, so that we can appear to him at unexpected times. He, of course, believes us both dead, and out of his path for ever ; so that he will naturally suppose us to be visitors from the other world, come to reproach him for his crimes. This will render his life a misery, and may induce him to repent.

DUET—(SIR ARTHUR and Mr. SHARP)—“ Let him revel.”

In the silent night,
 Or the light of day,
 We will haunt his sight,
 Chasing sight away.

CHORUS.

Let him revel, let him revel, let him revel in brief pleasure,
 Let him taste the cup of pleasure, then we'll dash away the measure;
 We'll dash, we'll dash, we'll dash away the measure;
 We'll dash away pleasure's cup, we'll dash away the measure.

At the festive dance,
 As he trips along,
 We will meet his glance
 'Mid the merry throng.

Let him have his fling,
 Steep his soul in crime;
 Conscience hath a sting,—
 'Tis but for a time.

Let him reach the goal,
 Life to him is dear;
 Ever shall his soul
 Quake with guilty fear.

END OF SCENE SECOND.

SCENE THIRD.

Room in Sir Arthur's Mansion.

REUBEN and his Companions holding high revelry.

opens with SONG and CHORUS, "Pass around the Flowing Bowl."

REUBEN— Pass around the flowing bowl,
 I have reached, have reached the goal,
 Reached the goal, reached the goal
 Of my ambition.
 Fill up to the brim, and drink,
 Fill up to the brim, and drink,
 Drink, drink, drink unto
 My enemies perdition.

All— Pass around the flowing bowl,
 He has reached, has reached the goal
 Of his ambition.
 Fill up to the brim, and drink,
 Fill up to the brim, and drink,
 Drink, drink, drink unto
 His enemies perdition.

- REUBEN— I have wealth, and I have power,
 Riches, treasures on me shower ;
 On me shower, on me shower
 Smiles of youth and beauty.
 Fill up to the brim, and drink,
 Fill up to the brim, and drink,
 Drink, drink, drink unto
 The favourite of beauty.
- ALL— He has wealth, and he has power, &c.
- REUBEN— Pass around the flowing bowl,
 Drink with me each merry soul,
 Drink with me, drink with me ;
 Who would shrink is no man.
 Fill up, fill up, who would shrink ;
 Fill up to the brim and drink,
 Drink, drink a worthy toast—
 “ Wine and lovely woman.”
- ALL— Pass around the flowing bowl,
 Drink with him each merry soul, &c.

SONG—“ Woman and Wine.”

Some seek pleasure in gambling,
 Some seek pleasure in books,
 Some seek pleasure in rambling
 By fields and running brooks ;
 All alone some love to wander,
 When the stars do brightly shine ;
 I care not for this—the acme of bliss
 Is woman, fair woman, and wine.

CHORUS.

Wine, sparkling wine, the juice of the vine ;
 Who would repine when they can combine
 Pleasures divine, woman and wine ?
 Acme of happiness—woman and wine.

Some are constantly hoping
 For a stroke of good luck ;
 Always repining and moping,
 Instead of relying on pluck.
 If in this world they would prosper,
 They must cease to repine,
 And go in for pleasure, for life's chiefest pleasure,
 Woman, fair woman, and wine.

[When dark clouds hover near us,
 And troubles against us combine,
 What has the power to cheer us
 Like woman, fair woman, and wine ?
 Then in their praise we will sing, boys ;
 Let all our voices combine,
 The acme of pleasure and life's chiefest treasure,
 Fair woman and bright sparkling wine.]

SONG—"Conviviality."

Life to us would dreary be
Were we not convivial ;
Let us all then cheery be,
Banish troubles trivial.
Where's the man with soul so dead,
Who despises jollity ?
Life for us would have no charm
Without some frivolity.

CHORUS.

We'll laugh, ha, ha ! at troubles trivial,
We'll laugh, ha, ha ! we'll laugh, ha, ha !
We'll laugh and be convivial.

Wiseacres to us may teach
Many a worthy homily :
Do they practise as they preach ?
(Curious anomaly).
Life is real, so they say ;
But, as an experiment,
We will try and make life gay,
Laugh and sing in merriment.

[Up, my jolly comrades, up,
And let no man dreary be ;
Raise on high each sparkling cup,
Toss it down right cheerily.
While we have the current coin
And enjoy vitality ;
While we have the power we'll join
In glorious conviviality.]

SONG—"Cupid and Bacchus."

Young Cupid walked out one summer's day ;
Dame Nature was clad in rich array ;
But poor young Cupid seemed far from gay,
For full was his quiver.
He had aimed his darts at many young hearts,
But they seemed to mock each puny shock,
So Cupid desponding lay
By the river ; lay by the river.

Jolly old Bacchus that way passed soon ;
His face was as bright as the sun at noon ;
And he merrily sang a Bacchus tune,
With a cheerful quiver.
At length he espied young Cupid, who sighed,
And at once made brave of Bacchus to crave
A great and a glorious boon,
By the river ; a boon by the river.

[Said Cupid, "I've walked about all day,
I have aimed my darts at grave and gay,
But not a heart will acknowledge my sway,
And full is my quiver ;
But the sparkling wine hath a power divine,
So give me thy aid, and man or maid
Will no longer keep me at bay
By the river ; at bay by the river."]

Then jolly old Bacchus laughed loud in his glee ;
"I will grant the boon you crave," said he ;
"For you and I shall resistless be,
And all hearts will quiver
When love and wine their powers combine.
I'll prepare each heart to receive thy dart,
Till they sigh, ah ! woe is me,
By the river ; ah ! me, by the river."

*After this is sung the barrel organ is heard outside. REUBEN tells the
Servant to request SIGNOR HURDI-GURDI to come in.*

SONG—"Signor Hurdi-Gurdi."

I am a gay signor, my name's Hurdi-Gurdi,
I come from the land of sweet sunny skies ;
The home of brave signors and lovely signoras,
My beautiful Italy, thee I prize.
When I came to England I brought my sweet music,
The sweetest of music that ever was heard ;
But every one said that I made them quite too sick,
And at me threw big bricks, and then madly swore,
And told me I must take mine hook—get away.
But I didn't care, for I still kept on grinding ;
And this is the way mine tunes I play.

Vonce on a time I had one splendid monkey,
A nicer young monkey you never did see ;
But vonce, my dear boys, it was kicked by a donkey,
And oh ! such a vicked old donkey was he.
Mine monkey had jumped on the back of the donkey ;
Mine monkey was pulling this old donkey's tail ;
But now I must weep for mine poor leadle monkey,
I cannot think of it without turning pale.
My poor leadle monkey that vonce was so gay,
Had got a big kick from this vicked old donkey,
And there on the cold ground in pieces he lay.

*At the conclusion SIR ARTHUR appears in the doorway (with lime-light
effect if possible). Hurried flight of REUBEN and Guests, leaving
HURDI-GURDI, who divests himself of his disguise, and clasps
hands with SIR ARTHUR.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.

SHADRACH'S OFFICE.

Enter SHADRACH, wringing his hands and tearing his hair.

SHADRACH—Here I've searched the house from top to bottom, I cannot find mine daughter; mine dear Rebecca. Where can she be gone? Why has she left her poor old father? Mine Gott, can she have taken my gold? No; Rebecca would not rob me. But it is very strange, for her room door is locked, and the window is open. Mine Gott! can someone have taken her away? What they call abducted her. It must be so.

SONG—"Bring mine Rebecca to me."

Mine daughter has left me, mine heart's very sad;
 Mine daughter, so good and so true;
 She's stolen away from me; I shall go mad;
 I wonder where she has gone to.
 Mine daughter—that voice filled mine heart with delight—
 Has gone, and I cannot tell where;
 She's gone away from me some time in the night,
 And oh! I shall die with despair.
 Take all mine monish, take all mine gold,
 Take everything you can see;
 Take all mine monish, take all mine gold,
 But bring mine Rebecca to me.
 Some villain has taken Rebecca away,
 Rebecca so good and so pure;
 And I shall do nothing but weep every day;
 Mine sorrow I cannot endure.
 [Rebecca was not mine own daughter, but still
 She found a way into my heart;
 My tottering footsteps she helped down life's hill,
 And now—Oh! mine Gott, must we part.
 Take all mine monish, take all mine gold,
 For wealth brings but care in its train;
 I'd give it all cheerfully just to behold
 Mine daughter Rebecca again.]

At the conclusion, enter HARRY MANLEY. SHADRACH seizes him by the throat.

SHADRACH—Where is mine daughter? Where is mine Rebecca?

HARRY—Hands off ! What means this violence ? I have come here expecting to see Rebecca.

SHADRACH—Oh ! mine Gott. Rebecca has gone ; gone in the night, and I know not where.

HARRY—What ? Gone !

SHADRACH—Yes, gone. Abducted. Oh, mine tear boy, find mine daughter, bring her safe back to me, and I shall give you all mine monish. I am very poor, but I shall be poor indeed without mine Rebecca.

HARRY—Your money. Pshaw ! I want not your money, but your daughter ; and, in spite of fate, shall yet marry her.

SHADRACH—Oh, mine tear boy, find mine daughter, and you shall marry her ; and I shall give you ever so much monish. I shall give her a splendid dowry.

DUET—" Rebecca, my love."

SHADRACH—

I'll give all mine monish,
I'll give all mine gold,
Mine daughter Rebecca
Once more to behold.
I'll give her a dowry,
Thy wife she shall be ;
O bring back my daughter
Rebecca to me.

Rebecca, thy love ; Rebecca, thy love ;
Shall yet be thine I vow.
Rebecca, thy love ; Rebecca, thy love ;
Rebecca, where art thou ?

[She soothed all my sorrows,
And chased gloomy fears,
But now she has left me
In anguish and tears.
Mine daughter, that once filled
Mine heart with delight,
Has gone, and all now seems
Some darkest night.]

Then go, find Rebecca,
And bring her to me,
And here, boy, I swear
That thy bride she shall be.
I'll give thee mine monish,
I'll give thee mine gold,
Whenever mine daughter
Once more I behold.

HARRY—

I care not for money,
I care not for gold,
Thy daughter Rebecca
I long to behold.
I care not for dowry,
But mine she will be,
When I bring thy daughter
Rebecca to thee.

Rebecca, my love ; Rebecca, my love ;
To find thee here I vow :
Rebecca, my love ; Rebecca, my love ;
Rebecca, where art thou ?

[Away with thy sorrows ;
Away with thy fears ;
Ah ! pine not in anguish,
But banish thy fears ;
Thy daughter, that once filled
Thy heart with delight,
Ere long will return to thee :
All will be bright.]

I will find Rebecca,
And bring her to thee,
And then I will claim her
My bride for to be.
I care not for money,
I care not for gold,
But Rebecca I long
In my arms to enfold.

END OF SCENE FIRST.

SCENE SECOND.

The Grounds of Sir Arthur's House by Moonlight.

Enter SIR ARTHUR VIVIAN and Mr. SHARP.

SIR ARTHUR—Our little plot works admirably so far, Sharp. I have made my first ghostly appearance to Reuben, when he was entertaining a company of his boon companions in a wild orgie. And now comes your share of the business. I see Sir Reuben is advertising for a valet. This will be a splendid opportunity for you to adopt some disguise, and apply for the situation. I shall supply you with a number of references which will satisfy him, and when you are installed as Reuben's valet you can watch his every action.

SHARP—Very good. I will apply for the situation in the character of an Irishman. Ah! 'pon my soul, I think a very good Irishman I'll make. (*Mimicking*) Your obedient servant, Sir Reuben.

SIR ARTHUR—Very good indeed. You'll make an excellent Irishman.

SHARP—But I have good news for you, Sir Arthur. Your long-lost daughter—the missing heiress—is found, and is no other than—

SIR ARTHUR—Whom, Sharp?

SHARP—Rebecca, the reputed daughter of old Shadrach the Jew. I have ascertained, beyond all doubt, that on the night when, goaded to madness by your undeserved reproaches, Lady Vivian left you, she wandered about until, exhausted, she sank down at old Shadrach's door, with her infant daughter clasped in her arms. He, moved by pity, admitted her, and in his rough way cared for her; but she gradually sank and died.

SIR ARTHUR—Oh! my God!

SHARP—But your daughter lives, and—

SIR ARTHUR—Take me to her, Sharp; and henceforth my life shall be devoted to her happiness.

SHARP—Stay, Sir Arthur. Your daughter has mysteriously disappeared, and I have every reason to believe, was forcibly abducted.

SIR ARTHUR—Is the cup of happiness to be again dashed from my lips?

SHARP—Hear me, Sir Arthur. On the night when I was attacked and stabbed by Reuben, the papers you entrusted to me were stolen from my possession by, as I presume, Reuben. He, by means of these

papers, discovered that Rebecca is the missing heiress, and proposed to her in marriage ; but she rejected his overtures, as she loves Harry Manley, a very worthy young fellow. Maddened by the refusal, Reuben gained an entrance into her chamber, and carried her away.

SIR ARTHUR—The villain !

SHARP—And she is at the present moment a prisoner in Reuben's house.

SIR ARTHUR—Then I will go to Reuben, tax him with his villainy, and—

SHARP—Sir Arthur, do not be too premature. Remember that the papers are yet in his possession ; and that he at the first alarm would no doubt destroy them. Have patience, and I, as Paddy the valet, will watch our Rebecca, until I regain possession of the papers, and then—

SIR ARTHUR *sings* "I shall see my daughter at last."

I shall see my daughter at last,
For whom I have yearned so long ;
I shall strive to atone for the past,
For years of injustice and wrong.
As the flowers yearn for the rain ;
As the rivers yearn for the sea ;
I, in deepest sorrow and pain,
Yearn for my daughter, for thee.

CHORUS.

For thee, my daughter, I'll live
For thee, my daughter, alone.
Can I dare to hope she'll forgive ?
Can I for the past e'er atone ?

I shall gaze on her angel face ;
I shall clasp her to my heart ;
I shall strive the past to efface,
And no more on earth will we part.
From my heart the weary pain
In her presence shall ever flee ;
In deepest sorrow and pain,—
Yearn for thee, my daughter, for thee.

END OF SCENE SECOND,

SCENE THIRD.

*Chamber where Rebecca is confined.*REBECCA *discovered.*

REBECCA—How long is this imprisonment to last? Would that I
ld find some means of informing dear Harry of my whereabouts.
will not know what construction to place on my absence from home,
my father will be inconsolable. But I will trust in Providence,
all will come right. I must keep up my spirits, and let Sir Reuben
that I still defy him.

Sings "Where the fragrant hawthorn blooms."

Where the fragrant hawthorn blooms
I love to be;
To inhale the sweet perfumes
In ecstasy;
Where the dewdrops, glistening clear,
On each spray and leaf appear,
And each drop a fairy tear,
'Tis joy to see.

When the skylark soars above
With heart elate,
Singing tender notes of love
To his mate,
I roam the fields among,
Listening to his merry song;
And I love to linger long
By the gate.

[For 'twas by the old toll-gate,
One happy day,
As I strayed with heart elate,
Gathering May;
As the skylark to his mate
Sang his notes, I chanced to wait;
And 'twas there I met my fate,
And named the day.]

it is concluded, the voice of HARRY MANLEY is heard outside—
"Rebecca, my love!" *Enter HARRY, by the window; they*
embrace—

REBECCA—Harry!

HARRY—My darling!

REBECCA—I knew you would discover the place of my captivity and rescue me.

HARRY—Rescue you, ay, by heaven, and avenge you. But tell me, Rebecca, how came you here ?

REBECCA—I suppose you are aware that Sir Reuben, some time ago, expressed a wish that I should become Lady Vivian ; but I politely declined the honour. He one night entered my chamber, and after rendering me unconscious, conveyed me hither, and has kept me a captive ever since, and swears to make me become his wife.

HARRY—The wretch ! Come, Rebecca, I will convey you to a place of safety ; then return and punish Sir Reuben.

REBECCA (*archly*)—But, Harry, this is my home, so I cannot leave it with you.

HARRY—What ! You have not married Sir Reuben ?

REBECCA (*coquettishly*)—I am now Lady Vivian.

HARRY—Oh, my God ! how I have been deceived.

REBECCA—But, Harry—

HARRY—Quit my sight, false one !

Sings " False and Fair."

Fair as an angel wert thou,
And beautiful as a dream,
When we plighted love's first vow,
Lip to lip, heart to heart, by the stream.
And I thought thee pure as thou wert fair ;
And I thought thy vows would ne'er be broke ;
That thou would'st be ever true,—
But thou art false, thou art false, adieu !

CHORUS.

Thy beauty has been a fatal snare,
For thou art false, thou art false.

We have rambl'd side by side,
And my heart was fill'd with bliss
When you vow'd to be my bride,
And seal'd it with a kiss ;
And I thought thee pure, &c.

Cast off like a wither'd flower,
When its perfume all is dead ;
Cast off for a wealthier dower ;
And virtue from earth has fled.
For I thought thee pure, &c.

REBECCA—

“Lady Vivian.”

’Tis true that I loved you once,
’Tis true I did confess it,
And though I blush to own the fact,
I never could suppress it.
But stern relentless fate
I know not how to ban,
And fate says I must live and die
Lady Vivian.

Stern fate, you know, we cannot ban,
I must be Lady Vivian.

’Tis true in bygone days
Our youthful love we plighted,
’Tis true your ardent vows of love
Have often me delighted ;
But I, no more than you,
The future now to scan,
And I can see I still must be
Lady Vivian.

The future I could never scan ;
I must be Lady Vivian.

[’Tis very sad to think
That you and I must sever ;
But still I must admit that you
Are dear to me as ever.
If you should say farewell,
You are a cruel man ;—
Then don’t repine, for I am thine,
Though Lady Vivian.]

HARRY—

“A Paradox.”

Your language seems to be,
Well,—rather reprehensible ;
Will you explain to me
These words incomprehensible ?
For I am puzzled quite,
I cannot make it out at all,
Then kindly shed some light,—
What you do talk about at all.

CHORUS.

She loves me, yet my love she mocks ;
The riddle I cannot scan ;
Explain this seeming paradox,
My Lady Vivian.

Your words are very strange,
In fact, quite unaccountable ;
Pray, how can you arrange
This barrier insurmountable ?
I'm cool as any stone,
Although I might be furious,
But really, I must own
I am a trifle curious.

[Then pray this riddle read,
In form of speech grammatical ;
And try if you can be
No longer enigmatical ;
You'll only give me pain
By talking with such flippancy ;
Be serious, and explain
This singular discrepancy.]

Enter PADDY.

PADDY—If I might make so bould as to interfere, I think I can explain the paradox, yer honner.

HARRY—And who are you ?

PADDY—I'm Paddy, yer honner.

HARRY—And who's Paddy, may I ask ?

REBECCA—He is our friend, Harry. Listen, and I will explain how I am yours and still Lady Vivian. When I regained consciousness, after having been brought here, Sir Reuben visited me and renewed his protestations of love, and asked me to become his wife. I, of course, refused. He left me in a furious passion, swearing that I must become his wife, by fair means or foul. As he left, he accidentally dropped a packet of papers, on perusal of which I discovered I am not the daughter of Shadrach, but—

HARRY—Whom ?

REBECCA—Lady Vivian, daughter of Sir Arthur Vivian. Reuben was only an adopted son, and, therefore, has no claim on the estates. Hence his anxiety to marry me.

HARRY—But now that you have these papers in your possession you can assert your position, and—

REBECCA—But I have not these papers. Reuben shortly afterwards discovered his loss, returned, and by force obtained them from me ; so that until I can regain them I can do nothing. Our friend here—

SHARP—Mr. Sharp, at your service.

REBECCA—Was solicitor to Sir Arthur Vivian, and has engaged himself as valet to Sir Reuben, so as to watch his movements, and, if possible, regain the papers.

TRIO.

- SHARP— Justice shall at length be done ;
Reuben's race is nearly run.
Long the fox runs, but, depend,
Longest journeys have an end.
Reuben's had sufficient rope ;—
Vice 'gainst virtue cannot cope.
Now the riddle you can scan
Of my Lady Vivian.
- REBECCA— Now the riddle he can scan
Of my Lady Vivian.
- HARRY— Now the riddle I can scan
Of my Lady Vivian.
- HARRY— I have loved thee many years,
Shared thy smiles and shared thy tears ;
But the fortune's altered now,
And I give thee back thy vow.
Though I love thee as of yore,—
Love as man ne'er loved before ;
Thy position is a bar,
I will worship from afar.
Thy position is a bar,
I will worship from afar.
- REBECCA— My position is no bar ;—
What a foolish man you are.
- SHARP— Her position is no bar ;—
What a foolish man you are.
- REBECCA— Though a title I have now,
I can not retract my vow ;
I have heard that love is blind,—
And I think you are unkind.
When you speak in such a strain
You are only causing pain ;
You, I know, my equal are, —
Title cannot be a bar.
- SHARP— You I know, her equal are,—
Title cannot be a bar.
- HARRY— Then my darling still you are,
If your title be no bar.
- SHARP— You no longer can repine,
Now the riddle you can scan ;
How Rebecca can be thine,
Thine and Lady Vivian.
- REBECCA— You no longer can repine,
Now the riddle you can scan ;
How at length I can be thine,
Thine and Lady Vivian.

HARRY— I no longer shall repine,
Now the riddle I can scan ;
How Rebecca can be mine,
Mine and Lady Vivian.

[*Exit HARRY and REBECCA.*]

PADDY—This is Sir Reuben's private study, and here, no doubt, I shall find the stolen papers ; and once in my possession, vice shall be punished and virtue rewarded. Ha, ha ! Sir Reuben, little do you think that a vigilant one is on your track. Here goes for a search. I, by a little dissimulation, have got some duplicate keys made,—
(*Is about to open desk, when--*)

Enter ABIGAIL, singing ; she begins dusting. PADDY conceals himself behind a curtain. ABIGAIL sings while dusting,

"Many a Lovely Flower ; or, A Nice Young Man."

Many a lovely flower
Is born to blush unseen ;
Many a clinging vice
For life would like to lean
Upon some firm support,
But cannot find a plan
To gain an introduction to
A nice young man.

CHORUS.

I should like, I should like to have a nice young man ;
A nice young man, a good young man ;
I should like, I should like, if I could find a plan,
To gain an introduction to a nice young man.

Aint it very strange
I've never had a beau ?
Aint it very strange
The young men treat me so ?
I'm not a flighty miss ;
In fact, I am sedate :
I wonder how long for a sweetheart
I shall have to wait ?

[I am not very old,
I am not without charms ;
Will no one be so bold
As to take me to his arms ?
I think it is a shame
I lead a single life ;
When will some young man come
To claim me for his wife ?]

During the progress of the song PADDY stealthily approaches ABIGAIL unobserved, and, as it is concluded, throws his arms round her neck and kisses her.

PADDY—Faith, and I'll be yer young man, me jewel.

ABIGAIL (*screams*)—Good gracious ! (*Makes hostile demonstrations against PADDY with the duster.*) And who the dickens are you ?

PADDY—Faith, I am your young man, me darlint. I'm Paddy, at your service. (*Approaches as if to embrace again.*)

ABIGAIL (*retreating*)—Go away, you wretch !

PADDY—That's a foul way to receive your young man. But may be she's bashful.

Sings "Me purty Abigail."

Me purty Abigail,
A son of Gamaliel

Makes bould to ax you if you'd let him love you ?

You're lovely, fair, and fat,

Then smile upon your Pat,

Or I will die, I swear by all above me ;

For up again me ribs

(I'm telling truth—not fibs)

Me heart goes batter, batter, thumping, thumping :

Och, chase that frown so vile,

And, darling, on me smile,

Then to the moon with joy I would be jumping.

Me purty Abigail, me purty Abigail,

I'm dying ; sure for love of thee I'm growing thin and pale ;

You are the fairest in the land, on that I will go bail,

Och, darlint, smile upon your Paddy, purty Abigail.

I've got a loving heart,

I'm active and I'm smart,

And everybody knows that I am dacent ;

I cannot give you pelf,

But I can give myself,

Then, Abigail, me darlint, be complaisant.

Sure I admire your charms,

Then come into me arms,

Or, 'pon me sowl, I'll wither to a shaddy ;

Och, just give me the laste

Bit of a loving taste

Of your sweet lips ; oh, come and kiss your Paddy !

As it is concluded he attempts to embrace her.

ABIGAIL—Good gracious, here's the master !

[*Runs off ; PADDY secrets himself behind the curtain.*]

Enter REUBEN, under the influence of liquor.

REUBEN—Nice thing, aint it, that people won't stay comfortably in their graves ? Here I've erected a splendid monument to the memory

of Sir Arthur, and he won't be at rest—must come bothering around here. I suppose Sharp will be taking a walking excursion next. Never mind, I will drown my troubles in—

Sings Chorus of "Champagne."

(Drinks heavily.) Again, there's Rebecca. She won't look at me. But she must be mine, or else—or else—. The papers are safe in my desk—the papers that prove her to be the heiress,—and if she will not be my wife I will destroy them—and her. But let me look at them once again. *(Opens desk and takes out papers and reads.)*

PADDY steps from behind the curtain as SHARP. REUBEN happening to see him rushes out, exclaiming "Sharp's ghost!" SHARP takes up the papers, exclaiming "Victory!" and conceals himself.

Enter REBECCA.

REBECCA—How long must I submit to this imprisonment? I wonder what has become of Paddy, or rather Sharp? I trust he will ere long regain possession of the papers, and then I can resume my rightful position. But here comes Reuben, to thrust his distasteful presence on me again.

Enter REUBEN.

REUBEN—Well, my pretty bird, how do you like your cage? Are you in a better humour than when I saw you last?

REBECCA—Quit my presence, sir; I abhor and loathe the sight of you. Go!

REUBEN—Hoity, toity, my little jewel. You are bold. Are you aware that you are in my power?

REBECCA—I'm in your power? Methinks you are in my power.

REUBEN—What mean you, girl?

REBECCA—What mean I? This: that you are an interloper here; that I am in mine own house; and that you are a murderer.

REUBEN—What! a murderer? What silly fancies are these?

REBECCA—No silly fancies, but the truth.

REUBEN—Pshaw, you have been dreaming. I do acknowledge that you are the heiress, but the knowledge is confined to you and me; therefore, I shall take measures to prevent the knowledge spreading. You must be my wife, Rebecca, or else—

REBECCA—And the alternative?

REUBEN—Death.

REBECCA—Death, indeed, would be preferable to living with such a villain as you.

REUBEN—Then, by heavens, you die!

(They struggle; Rebecca screams.)

Enter PADDY, who throws REUBEN heavily, rendering him momentarily unconscious.

Enter SIR ARTHUR, HARRY, and AEGEAN.

HARRY and REBECCA embrace, with suitable exclamation.

SIR ARTHUR and REBECCA *ditto*.

PADDY may do a comic embrace with AEGEAN.

REUBEN struggles slowly to his feet, and attempts to seize PADDY, exclaiming, "Villain! what do you mean by interfering in that matter?"

SIR ARTHUR is in the background.

PADDY (still maintaining his character)—What did I mean, yer honner! Sure I thought you was gone too far with the young lady; and, yez know, an Irishman is always ready to fight in defence of beauty. But, yer honour, there's some papers I found. I was givin' to loit me pipe with them, but I thought may be they were of some use.

REUBEN—Yes, yes, Paddy: they are mine; give them here.

SIR ARTHUR—You be, villain!

REUBEN—Great heavens! Has the dead returned to earth to mock me?

SHARP—No, wretch: but your mysterious purpose was frustrated, and your intended victim has to long you to the gallows.

REUBEN—Never! Time will I frustrate your purpose.

Takes a flying leap out of the window. A loud crash is heard. Sound runs to the window. HARRY runs out and returns sobbing.

HARRY—He is dead; give us back the judgment seat.

Enter SHADRACH.

SHADRACH—Oh, mine (sob). Where is mine daughter? I was told I should find her here. *Runs out.* Oh, mine daughter, mine Rebecca. *(Embraces her.)*

Exit.

SIR ARTHUR—Sir, my daughter, Shadrach, my mine:
The woman I have married long years;
The woman I have married in vain,
With daughter, sister and friend.

SHADRACH—Mine (sob) mine the mine daughter was.
"I would speak for the daughter's name,
If I was to the last breath."
Remember, mine a year, mine the year.

REBECCA (*archly*)—

My father—for such thou hast been ; (*to SHADRA*

My father—for such thou art now ; (*to SIR ARTHUR*

I'm really afraid we must part,

For I must fulfil my vow.

SIR ARTHUR (*spoken*)—Your vow ?

SHADRACH—By chiminey, your vow ?

HARRY—Rebecca has vowed to be mine, and we ask you mission and blessing.

SIR ARTHUR—Which is freely given, my boy. But you must take my daughter away from me ; for you must make this your !

SHADRACH—Mine Gott, and what must I do ? I cannot do out mine daughter.

SIR ARTHUR—And, as I was about to suggest, Abigail ! sighing for a nice young man ; you might do worse than—

SHADRACH—By chiminey, I will. (*Comic embrace with ABIGAIL*

SIR ARTHUR—Sharp, you and I, being old fogeys, will pleasure in seeing the youngsters happy. (*Pointing to SHADRACH and ABIGAIL.*)

GRAND CHORUS.

Then we'll all be happy together,

And enjoy life while we may ;

We'll all be happy together,

Then hip, hip, hip, hurray !

Then let the joyful cry resound,

O'er hill, through glen and dale ;

Then let the joyful cry resound,

The missing heiress, all hail !

All hail ! all hail !

The missing heiress, all hail !

Solo—For all's well that ends well ;

Omnes—For all's well that ends well ;

The missing heiress, all hail !

END OF THE MISSING HEIRESS.



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